

Iron County Register

BY ELI D. AKE.
IRONTON, MISSOURI.

GROWING OLD.

At six—I well remember when—
I fancied all folks old at ten.
But, when I'd turned my first decade,
Fifteen appeared more truly said.
But when the fifteenth round I'd run,
I thought none old till twenty-one.
Then, oddly, when I'd reached that age,
I held that thirty made folks sage.
But when my thirtieth year was told,
I said: "At fourscore men grow old!"
Yet two score came and found me thrifty,
And so I drew the line at fifty.
But when I reached that age, I swore
None could be old until threescore.
And here I am at sixty now,
As young as when I was a boy.
'Tis true, these roguish old my knee
Say "Grandpa!" when they speak to me;
But, bless your soul, I'm young as when
I thought all people old at ten!
Perhaps a little wiser grown—
Perhaps some old illusions flown;
But wonder still while years have rolled,
When is it that a man grows old?
—Fandyle Brown.

WHO MADE THE MATCH.

Excitement and commotion agitated the little village of Seranton, which unusual condition of mind was wholly attributable to the advent of an awkward young missionary, to whom nothing in the world would have been more obnoxious and alarming than such notoriety; for the good brother was singularly modest by nature as well as by grace.

In the dark, humid jungles of Southern Africa, the finger of disease had been laid heavily upon him, forcing him back, much against his inclination, to the health-giving hills of New England. He took small credit to himself for carrying the sacred mission to the heathen, though he had borne his life in his hand the while, for, having little taste for society, he freed himself from its perplexities and complications with delight, to lead the untrammelled life of the wilderness.

What a narrow, tame existence seemed before him! Those to whom he complained of dullness suggested that he should take a parish, marry and settle down. But to all such advice Miles Hartwell had but one answer. "It was a farce," he said, "this ministering to a people who felt themselves perfect already. He had no heart for it; the dark-hued proselytes of other lands, who had hung upon his words as if they were life itself, had unfitted him for any such pastorate. He did not understand the needs of such a genteel and godlike community; and, as for matrimony, he had lived single so long that any woman of a suitable age for him would be old enough to know better than to marry him; and so the matter was dismissed from his mind.

But the loneliness of his small room pressed sorely upon him; he was always happier in the open air, out where the broad, easy stretches of landscape gave him a sense of freedom and helped him to attune his heart in accord with its cheerfulness.

And yet the house he had selected for his home seemed a fitting receptacle for so modest a soul. It stood a trifle out of line with the row of trim dwellings on either side, as if originally it had been parallel with them, but had shrunk back, glad to screen itself behind the big larches that grew tall and grand near the gate. And as for bustle and gaiety, a whole savage tribe might feel itself quite undone by the merriest which sometimes emanates from the little front yard; for a part of the house was occupied by a small private school, dominated over by Miss Alden, the pretty school-mistress.

It was a warm summer afternoon that Miles, after passing several hours of listless apathy, prepared for his daily stroll. As he stepped out into the hall the scholars, accompanied by Miss Alden, were trooping by.

"Miss Alden," Miss Alden, that's the missionary," whispered a small urchin so loud that it brought the conscious color to Miles' bronzed face.

Miss Alden, thus addressed, gave the missionary a quick glance from under her broad-brimmed hat; then, dropping her eyes, she, too, hung out the same bright signal of distress.

"Dear, dear, what a pair they would make!" remarked an observing youth from the stairs to a demure little object with brown curls. "What fun 'twould be to make the missionary, old Timbuctoo, propose to Miss Alden!"

"It couldn't be done," returned his companion, shaking her brown curls to the breeze.

"Did I say I could do it? 'Course I didn't," remarked the resentful youth, bending lower to catch another glimpse of Miles.

He had passed the larches now, and was making for the old mill seen in perspective from where the youth stood, at the end of the long turnpike just touching the great forests that edged the horizon to the south like a green fringe.

The little stream that had formerly been secured in well-built troughs now pursued its sinuous course through this sylvan solitude. Miles followed it instinctively, plunging in among the undergrowth, and filling the air with the pungent flavor of sweet fern and young pines, as he crushed them beneath his feet. It seemed a fitting outlet to his love of action, this of wandering about alone, and it was late, indeed, before he perceived, through the widening spaces of the leafy roof above, that the darkness about him was not altogether the gloom of the forest. Not only was the sun fast sinking, but dark, angry clouds were sailing low in the sky, almost touching the tops of the tall pine-trees; and scowling ominously at each other, as if determined to have it out together ere they were done; while the sudden illumination of the darkest thickets warned him to return homeward.

The tempest was raging wildly by the time he had gained the old mill; and he was glad to avail himself of the shelter which its moldering walls afforded.

The room which seemed to offer the surest protection was a small one projecting from the main building and bracketed by stout posts, which, at one time, had helped to form the walls of the story below. A horse and buggy were now drawn up under this projection, and through the jagged and broken timbers of the floor Miles could distinctly hear the voices of two young men, who, like himself, were probably awaiting the abatement of the storm. They were fast young fellows, and their talk was of the most trivial nature. Miles was glad that the darkness made it unnecessary to open a conversation with them. He took no heed of them whatever until the vehemency of one of the speakers made it impossible not to overhear him.

"I say, Joe," he cried, petulantly, "let us be moving."

"What's your hurry, Fred?" returned his friend, with a lazy yawn. "Why not enjoy your week here as elsewhere? Have it. By Jove! if you aren't hankering to get round to the little school ma'am!"

"The little school ma'am be hanged!" returned his companion, evidently driven to the verge of profanity by the distastefulness of the suggestion. The hearty laugh was here mingled with the sound of dripping rain.

"That's not exactly the speech one would expect from an engaged man, Fred," was the jocular remark that followed.

"I'm not engaged. I'll be blessed if I am! Why, a fellow can't look at a girl in these days but the whole neighborhood settles it at once for him."

"I should say there had been something more than looking in this instance," was the quick reply. "When a fellow is constantly with one girl for years, the neighborhood may naturally suppose there will be a wedding some time. Whew! I say nothing; only mark my word for it, young man, if you don't intend to marry the girl, you'd better break with her before your liberty is compromised altogether."

"Perhaps you are personally interested in the matter?"

Again the hearty laugh, which had once before broken upon the storm, now filled the pause.

"Never spoke to the girl but once in all my life. Pretty little thing, though—one of the clinging, twining sort. But I don't care about being the oak to that ivy. No, my young beggar; you'll have to get out of it some other way."

"Well, Joe, I'll be blessed if I know how," returned the dejected man. "The truth is, the young girl is well—uncommonly fond of me, don't you know? And I haven't the heart to throw the poor little thing over. I've tried to break with her no end of times; but we are sort of cousins, you see, and being quite alone, she clings to me very passionately. A fellow isn't to blame if a girl will make a fool of herself over him; though, of course I shall put a stop to it some time; I'll be hanged if I don't! But I can't hit a girl when she's down already, and, they do say, since the smart French madame opened an opposition establishment in town, it goes uncommonly hard with the poor girl to keep alive the little school upon which her living depends."

"Why, they're talking of my neighbor, the little school-ma'am," thought Miles, waking suddenly, as from an astonishing dream, to self-consciousness that he was performing the ignoble part of listener. He felt his way in the darkness to a more distant part of the building, where the hum of human voices was lost in the wild utterances of the storm.

So this was the way in which a young man in this civilized community protected the dignity of a young girl who honored him with her preference. Miles was singularly chivalrous and noble himself, and perhaps had too little patience with a vanity that could thus sacrifice another to itself. His impulse was to confront and upbraid the young man for so mean a spirit; but he remembered that it was not for him to regulate the speech of a stranger; and, moreover, that a rebuke would lose its force from one who, it might be supposed, was guilty of an act of espial.

While he was arguing the question with himself, the matter was decided for him by the object of his wrath suddenly shooting out from under the protection into the road beyond.

The storm was indeed spent, only the drops from the maples rained down upon the homeward path. They fell gratefully on his hot, upturned face as he walked leisurely toward the house. A candle, burning in the school-room window, sent a ruddy ray of light down the village street. Was it placed there to guide the wayward steps of her delinquent lover?

It was the question with which Miles dismissed the subject from his mind, for, after all, what to him were the love grievances of the mild-faced young woman with whom he had never exchanged a greeting in his life?

It was brought to mind, however, the following day on receiving a small, sweet-scented note written in a large school-girl hand, requesting his presence that afternoon in the school-room. Poor Miles was taken aback; and, if the truth must be told, gave voice to his annoyance in a phrase not strictly clerical. It seemed rather to alarm the small youth who stood fidgeting in the doorway awaiting an answer.

"Tell her I will come directly," returned Miles, with a good-natured pat on the boy's plump shoulder.

But he was not as good as his word. It was certainly an hour before he could screw up his courage to the point of descending to the next floor. What could the young woman want of him? and how horrible to visit her with the concentrated stare of fifty eyes upon him! As he thought of it, his soul was shaken within him. A belle dressing for her first ball could not have lingered longer over her toilette than did Miles on this occasion. Not that he cared a fig for the effect of his fine broadcloth; it was a mere pretext to put off a disagreeable duty.

However, the thing must be gotten over somehow, he told himself; breaking off quite suddenly, he made a plunge down stairs, and knocked restlessly at the school-room door.

It was opened by the school-mistress herself. She could not have been expecting him so soon, for she gave a little start of surprise on beholding him.

"I've come," remarked Miles, looking beyond the little girlish figure to the

row of giggling, upturned faces of the scholars.

Miss Alden looked anything but gratified by the announcement; but as it could not be avoided, she offered him a seat, and, proceeding to gather the papers together which in his awkwardness he had sent flying from the desk to the floor, she turned inquiringly toward him.

But the poor fellow could not think of a word to say. He would have given recklessly of his worldly goods if the young woman would but leave him to himself. Perhaps the pretty school-ma'am divined his thoughts; or, it may be, she was at her wits' end to know what to say to so shy a visitor; for, after providing him with a book with which to follow the recitation, she went on with the one which his entrance had interrupted, as if he had been miles away. Standing with her back to him, Miles could yet see the proud pose of the little head, and the warm, soft hue of her golden hair. Sometimes, too, the clear, firm sweep of the chin was plainly discernible from where she sat, while there was ever before his eyes the graceful movement of the body as it swayed back and forth with the interest of her work.

Miles suffered; but he was not so abashed that that there broke on his troubled spirit an appreciation of the charms of the beautiful woman. Though modest and quiet, she seemed so self-contained, so clear-headed, so capable of managing her affairs in a simple, straightforward way. She was too direct and honest to send for him without an object. What did she want? Miles was one who liked to get at the bottom of everything at once, and he determined that as soon as she was at liberty he would inquire what he could do to serve her, and go about it with a will; for he liked the little woman, and would have thought it no hardship to serve her; but when she turned to him again all his courage faded away, and he could only wish himself upstairs again. It seemed to him actually fiendish of her to stand there toying with the small bell, one single stroke of which would send those giggling scholars out into the village to proclaim that they had left him alone with the school-mistress. Miles rose, stammered something (he never could tell what), and the next moment the school-room door closed upon his troubles. He was only sure of two things—that a roar of childish laughter followed his exit, and that he had left his hat behind him.

To go back for it was not to be thought of. He would sooner go bareheaded to the end of the world than run the risk of again making a fool of himself before so many spectators. What a hateful thing it was, to be sure! Leaving a sting behind it which poor Miles could neither forget nor understand. Forty times a day he told himself that the poor child was in trouble, and needed a helping hand. Hany she been old and ugly, none would have been extended to her readily than his; but somehow, Miles felt himself too awkward and unaccustomed to the ways of the world to grapple with so delicate a trouble as that which he suspected was hanging over the pretty head of his young neighbor, so he shrank away from her more persistently than ever, though the position of his room offered a post of observation which kept the little woman well under his surveillance. There were few, indeed, that trespassed upon her solitude without his knowledge. Her most frequent visitor was the young man, her cousin, whose intentions toward her Miles so well understood. He saw them often enough together, as a party chat was held in the hall or in the doorway. The look of the young girl on these occasions was different from that she wore at any other time; the weary, jaded air was gone, and there was a glow in the quiet face and a ring in her voice which jarred harshly upon Miles.

Once they came and stood for a long time under the full glare of the hall lamp. The young man had a letter in his hand, which he was playfully withholding from her grasp, while she fluttered cooingly about him, lifting up her small white hands with such a prettiness of air of persistence that it was at length yielded to her grasp. He noted how the light streamed off her golden hair, and as she read it, her arm comfortably locked in her cousin's the while.

Miles viewed the tableau without any particular complacency. Indeed, it irritated him more than he cared to own. He wondered if the girl ever suspected the young man's disloyalty. The inquiry presented itself to him with such troublesome frequency that it was a positive relief when an event occurred which seemed to promise some definite conclusion.

A note written in the same school-girl hand as the first one was thrust into his hand one day by Miss Alden's former messenger. It hinted in almost child-like language of trouble, and requested him to call upon her in the evening, when the absence of the school children would make a confidence possible.

To Miles' strained mood, there seemed nothing unnatural or unusual in this, and he lost no time in complying with the request.

Though it was early autumn, Miss Alden had lighted the odoriferous pines heaped upon the hearth that evening, for the sake of a little cheer, and had drawn up her small table by the cozy flame—a table covered with French dictations, English compositions, and other school exercises, all of which must be corrected before she slept that night. Turning these over listlessly, she was startled by a peremptory knock. It was Miles, who stood at the door wearing such a look of determined resolution that the little school-ma'am fell back as she admitted him. He established himself upon the edge of the little chintz-covered lounge with the air of a man who had a task to perform, and was about to go through with it at all hazards.

"I've come to do you good," said the young divine, stoutly.

"Indeed?" observed Miss Alden, elevating her eyebrows in a way that sadly discomposed poor Miles, who began to surmise that he was arrogating to himself a greater power than he possessed, but he went on recklessly:

"You are in trouble; you are unhappy. I am truly sorry for you. Whatever confidence you are pleased to place in me, I will strive to merit. It is my

office, you know, to weep with those that weep."

Miss Alden shrugged her shoulders, a gesture that might imply amusement or annoyance.

"So you came to weep with me. You are very kind," she said; "but, really, you will have to cry alone. I could not squeeze a tear to save my life."

It was plain to Miles that the young girl, as she stood there with both hands in her apron pockets, was making fun of him. Miles was pre-eminently a good natured man, but he had a vague perception that he was in some way in a ridiculous position. The bashfulness which had hitherto made him painfully conventional, and not a little pragmatical, now gave place to a manly indignation. He arose with a grave dignity that quite awed Miss Alden.

"I have no intention of intruding myself upon you," he said gently; "but since you have twice sent for me for sympathy, I thought I had an undeniable right to give it. I am not very clever at leading a young girl to talk of herself; perhaps it was neither wise nor in good taste for me to undertake it, but I did wish to help you, if I could. You should have respected my motive, even if you were not edified by my conversation."

Miss Alden resisted a very strong temptation to plump down in the nearest chair, in an amazed heap. Her spirit rose at the rebuke, and, to tell the truth, a real respect for the plain words she had made her reply to them with an equal frankness.

"I do not know what you mean by my asking for your sympathy," she said. "If I had needed commiseration, I certainly should not have sought it of a stranger. It may be, the surprise occasioned a curtness and incivility of manner which I regret; for, believe me, I appreciate your kindness, and especially your frankness, which permits an equal candor from me. And the young girl looked with a grave, child-like confidence into the eyes of her companion.

"Do you mean that you never sent for me?" he returned, taking from his pocket two little notes, and laying them quietly on Miss Alden's open palm.

The young girl regarded them a moment with an air of bewildered uncertainty; then a sudden light seemed to penetrate through her perplexities.

"Oh, the wretched little fiends!" she cried fiercely; and selecting from among the heap of school exercises a copy-book written in a large, school-girl hand of one of her scholars, she opened it and laid the two notes in close proximity.

Poor Miles saw it all in a moment. They must all have been penned in the same unpracticed hand. It was like a sudden blow to him.

"So I am here without an invitation, after all," he said. "Well, I am truly glad you had no need of me. I hope you may never lack for friends, and your cousin may prove to be the kind, devoted lover which your sweet life demands."

"My cousin a lover! Dear, dear, will absurdities ever end!" And Miss Alden laughed such a genuine laugh that it cleared all doubts that might have lingered in Miles' mind.

"Why, who could have put such an odd idea into your head? Tom is often here, because he is the only relative I have, and seems to stand with me in the place of all that are gone. He is a dear fellow, Tom is; self-complacent, and puffed up, as college boys are wont to be; but he never occurred even to his cousin, I know, to attribute to me anything but the most consistently affectionate."

Miles certainly did not feel called upon to disturb this harmless confidence in her cousin; he only smiled rapturously, shook Miss Alden's hand with a vehemency which that surprised young lady considered rather unbecoming for, then resented himself on the lounge with the air of a man who had nothing further to ask for in this vale of tears.

So, at least, thought a certain impish-looking youngster who observed the interesting spectacle through the blindless window, his view being obstructed at times by a head of brown curls which was occasionally thrust between the window and himself.

"Well, miss, who's likely to win this bet?" remarked the urchin to the little maid at his side.

"How do you know old Timbuctoo has proposed?" returned the child, reflectively.

"Well, if he hasn't yet, he is a-going to," observed the wise youth. "He is working up to it beautifully."

Subsequent events proved the justice of this assertion. There was a wedding in Seranton in good time, at which these two young persons, assisted with equal competence, for, if the youth had won the wager, his companion, being the author of the two notes to which we have alluded, claimed the honor of having made the match.—E. L. Putnam, in *Potter's Magazine*.

Emigration from Ireland.

A Parliamentary return issued recently shows that the number of emigrants who left Irish ports in 1891 was 78,719, a decrease of 17,138 as compared with 1890. Of these 16,232 were emigrants from Limerick, 21,762 from Munster, 24,101 from Ulster, and 16,332 from Connaught, together with 302 persons belonging to other countries. The total number of emigrants, natives of Ireland, who left the Irish ports from the first of May, 1851, to the thirty-first of December, 1891, was 2,715,604; 1,446,532 being males and 1,269,072 females. In the decade from 1866 to 1876 the average number was 74,667; and in the preceding decade 83,272; while from 1852 to 1855 the number averaged 148,956 annually. The number fluctuated from 190,322 in 1852 to 37,587 in 1876, the numbers of the last few years having been 35,513 in 1877, 41,124 in 1878, 47,065 in 1879, and 75,577 in 1880.

Gandy-hued birds in colors and combinations of dazzling red, bright yellow, lily black, and azure blue, have again, as has been the case for several years past, put in an appearance. Where they come from and whether they go are questions we are unable to answer. They remain but a short time, making the trees quaintly musical with their peculiar chirping songs, and then suddenly leave.—*Selma (Ala.) Times*.

The difference in cost between a narrow and a standard gauge railroad is three to four per cent. in favor of the narrow roads.

The Tottering Repudiator.

Ross Mahone is likely to come to grief, though backed by the power and the patronage of the Administration. The corrupt coalition which he organized rested upon two main ideas: First, repudiation of the honest debt of the State, contracted before the civil war and expended on public improvements; and secondly, the spoils, both national and local. They attracted the support of the non-taxpayers and of the whole office-seeking tribe, white and black.

The success of the coalition last fall made Mahone master of the situation in Virginia, and gave him special prestige at Washington. He dictated all the Federal appointments, and he assumed to distribute the offices of the State among his personal partisans, disregarding the agencies by which he acquired this power for evil.

One of his first acts was to discard John E. Massey as State Auditor, who might be called the father of the Readjuster party, and who, notwithstanding his delusion on that subject, is esteemed as a man of character and of private worth. Mahone wanted no rival near the throne, and as Massey refused to prostitute the Auditorship by putting its patronage in the hands of the Boss as a reward for his followers, he was sacrificed for a more pliable creature.

This beginning excited discord and resentment in the ranks of the Readjusters, but Mahone supposed he could crush out all opposition by punishing those whom he chose to regard as enemies, and by rewarding those whom he selected as friends. He became intensely arrogant, and demanded that his programme and no other should be carried out to the last letter by the Legislature.

The entering wedge of discontent caused by the treatment of Massey gradually widened, and the disappointments in office seeking enlarged the breach. Open hostility began to show itself, and recently it has taken positive form in a manner that threatens the complete overthrow of the coalition at the next election, if the present malcontents stand firm, as they promise and propose to do. Five of them hold the balance of power in the Senate, and thus far they have prevented the passage of a bill gerrymandering the State for Members of Congress and other schemes which Mahone had contrived to strengthen in his hand. The appliances used to overcome their opposition are disgraceful to all concerned, and cannot fail to produce a great impression and to cause a reaction when they are fully understood.

In order to fortify Mahone's pledges of Government pay for needed votes, Jay A. Hubbell, Chairman of the Congressional Republican Committee, and the manager of the Presidential campaign at Washington, who assessed the clerks in all the departments three several times for "voluntary contributions" to elect Garfield, was sent to Richmond as Envoy Extraordinary to the Administration. It is known that he and Mahone offered the best Federal offices in the State, and some of the foremost out of it, for votes to break the dead-lock.

Two of the five Senators are old-time Republicans and special friends of General Wickham, the Republican leader who refused to touch the coal coalition or to support the ticket nominated by the packed convention. He would not recognize Mahone on any terms. It is said an overture was made to appoint Wickham's son a Judge of the United States Court if the father would consent to have the dead-lock broken. But this bribe was spurned, and other offers made more directly to the Senators, or to their immediate kindred, who control the result, were equally unsuccessful.

After repeated efforts to purchase support Hubbell and Mahone returned to Washington satisfied that the persuasive appeals of patronage had failed as decidedly as the coercive experiment to drag the Legislature by edicts from Mahone's seat in the Senate, or by fulminations from his organ at Richmond.

The mask of pretended independence was thrown off recently when Mahone announced that the coalition had become distinctly an Administration party. Up to this time he had emphatically denied any such alliance, though the bargain was well known to have been made before the fall election. This attempted transfer of a part of the Readjusters, formerly Democrats, who believed in scaling the State debt, has already led to a revolt. They did not go into the Mahone movement to be sold out, and they will abandon him for having betrayed them.

All the indications now point to a rupture in the following of Mahone, which, should it take place, will leave him high and dry without a future in the State, and will leave the Administration burdened with the dead weight of repudiation and jobbery.—*Washington Cor. N. Y. Sun*.

The Party of the "Administration."

Senator Mahone a few days ago left Richmond for a short visit to Washington, whither he goes sometimes, even during the session of the Virginia Legislature; and immediately after his departure the Richmond *Whig*, a Readjuster newspaper, declared that henceforth the Readjusters shall be known as the party of "the Administration." The paper was shown to Senator Mahone, and he is reported as having said, after manifestations of great surprise and of much satisfaction, that it was a masterstroke—indeed, the only proper thing to do. Did he approve of it? Entirely, entirely, and the Readjusters of Virginia, Democrats and Republicans, will henceforth be known as Administration men. It is no news to read that Senator Mahone himself is an "Administration man," in spite of an apparent contradiction that a conscientious person might find between that position and the position indicated by the following letter:

COMMITTEE ROOMS,
REPUBLICAN ORGANIZATION,
RICHMOND, VA., October 28, 1891.
"Let me assure you, as I do confidently, that our Electoral ticket, headed by Cameron and Webb, and pledged to Hancock, will carry the State by a plurality of 25,000; that it will beat either the Fusion or Grasp-sack tickets by this vote—not less, believe me."
—WILLIAM MAHONE.

But not content with his own adjustment to perjury and profit, by which, of course, he betrayed the silly Democrats whose votes elected him to the Senate, he now proposes to deliver to the Ad-

ministration 30,000 Democrats who voted for Hancock in 1880. Perhaps they deserve no better treatment than they have received; but Mahone now assumes that they are willing to be sold as political slaves. If these 30,000 men were not Republicans in 1880, they are not willing to become Republicans now. There has been no change of party principles, and, unlike their master, they will receive no personal reward for a change of faith. On the other hand, if they can understand anything they must understand, all local questions apart, that they have been betrayed and are now insulted by being transferred bodily in a political sale from the party of their faith in 1880 to the party they opposed. If the 84,000 Republicans of Virginia, including such men as General Wickham and Congressman Jorgensen, who under adverse circumstances and in a hopeless minority have for years worked for "Administrations," are now to constitute the strength of the "Administration party" but to receive no reward therefor, they also are but chattels. But both these classes must consent to be sold if the Readjusters maintain their strength until the election of Congressmen. This sudden change to "Administration men" is made the more galling, too, to both parties because it is nothing more nor less than a proffer of the 30,000 Readjuster Democrats to the Republicans if the stubborn Republican Senators of Virginia will vote for the infamous Redistributing bill which will come up in the Senate this week. Otherwise Parson Massey may be elected to Congress.

One bargain has had to follow so hard upon the heels of another, and one piece of treachery has so often had to counteract another, that the predicament of the "reformers" of Virginia is hardly encouraging to their brethren in Georgia and North Carolina. The Democratic party sincerely congratulates the "Administration" on its new acquisition.—*N. Y. World*.

Joined to His Idols.

Senator Mahone, of Virginia, announces that hereafter his party of Repudiators will be out-and-out Republicans, or as he calls them "Administration men." In an interview at Richmond, recently, this great apostle of repudiation and political spoils said of his followers: "They have been the friends of the Administration, not only of President Garfield while he lived, but of President Arthur now, and the friendship has been reciprocal and useful. The Funders of Virginia at first used all sorts of abuse in speaking of our friendly relations with the Administration, with the idea of compelling Democratic Readjusters to abandon their Republican allies. They relied upon the old prejudice against the term Republican, which had long been deep enough to accomplish such a division by the mere mention of a possible alliance. The only hope of success for the Readjuster cause was in a union, and the leading men in the movement saw it. The assistance rendered by President Garfield was exceedingly valuable. If he had not been shot the movement would have gathered strength much more rapidly than it did. When President Arthur found opportunity to extend sympathy and help to the Readjusters he did so, and the effects of his acts have been of very great consequence. It has become apparent to some of the Readjusters that an attempt has been made by unfriendly Republicans to ally the opposition to the President with the Funder element in Virginia. At this juncture, therefore, and when some of the most important of the measures proposed by the Readjusters were about to be passed by the Legislature, it was regarded as an excellent time to declare a policy by which the progressive party in Virginia should be guided in the coming canvass. Next fall you will probably have two parties in the field, with candidates for Congress. One of these parties will nominate men avowedly opposed to President Arthur and the progressive measures adopted by the Virginia Legislature. In the other party will be found not only the men who are pledged to support those measures, but also those who are at the same time determined to sustain President Arthur as a friend of the Readjuster party in the State."

This is as it should be. Mahone and his party of Repudiators, or "Readjusters," as he euphonically terms them, belong in the Republican ranks, and now that they have formally taken their leave and openly joined the Republican party, the Democratic cause in Virginia will gain new strength. Of course, the negroes, the bulk of the Republicans, and a handful of Democratic spoilsmen will cling to Mahone, but the better classes of people in Virginia will be in the Democratic ranks. They will have a hard fight to overcome the negroes and the spoilsmen, backed, as they will be, by the entire power of the Federal patronage of Virginia, but in the end Mahone and his motley gang will be buried in the polls by the respectable and intelligent voters of Virginia.—*New Haven Register*.

Anxious for His Morals.

"Ephrahem, boy, come yar. Whar you bin, eh?"

"Bin outwid de 'Publicans, ole woman."

"You is, eh? See hyar, chile, you broke yo' ole madder's heart and bring her gray hairs to de grave wid yoo recklessness an' carryins on wid ebl' associations. Hahn't I raised you up in de way you should oughter go?"

"Yassum."

"Hahn't I bin kine an' tinder wid you, an' treated you like me own chile, which you is?"

"Yassum."

"Hahn't I reezened wid you, an' deplored de good Lord to wrap you in his buzzum?"

"Yassum."

"An' isn't I yoo nateral detector an' guardian for de law?"

"Yassum."

"Well, den, don't s'pose I see gwine to hab yo' morals ruptured by dat 'Publican trash? No, sah! Yo' git in de house dis instep, an' ef I eber coteh you 'municatin' wid de posagate party any mo', fo' de Lord, nigga, ole as you is, I'll break yo' black head wid a brick-yard—'yar me?"

"Yassum."—*St. Joseph (Mo.) Gazette*.